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The Seer, The Magician, And The Writer



dystopia

magic

25 0 1

Chapter 1 by Wikedywik

I live in a world different from yours. Where physics especially are different.

Light pushes things more than gravity. Liquid is lighter than us. Diamond is easier to bend than paperclips. Thoughts are louder than our voices, and shouting is much more beautiful than singing. Magic floats through the air just as much as dandelion seeds.

I only know of your world from my friend, Ontario. He's one of the few seers. They all live in the Grove, a special place where magic is abundant. Nobody is allowed unless invited specially. Seriously, it is literally impossible to enter. The magic seems to know...

Anyway, that's how I found out about you. Your world where war seems bad. How about my world, where you have to travel into caves with paper buckets to collect water? Where the population is a little lower than a million. On this huge planet. Where everything is life or death, and you can't trust the ground you stand on. Sounds pretty tough, aye?

Well, yeah, it is.

Water gets more scarce as the population dwindles and we have less miners. The Grove is the only safe place, and scarcely ten people live there, four who are magicians, two who are seers, and the rest who are like me; lucky to be invited to the others' haven.

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us from our seemingly very close, and very bad fate.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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